

# Nihil

## Impaled Nazarene

By sick fate we are born  
They should have used condoms  
Everything is being blamed on us  
Mistakes, their fuck-ups  
Weight of the world on shoulders  
Mentally so close to breakdown  
Life tends to become distorted  
When everything is shit except piss  
Suicide is not a solution  
But it remains an excellent option  
Perhaps the time is ripe to go  
Time to harvest what we have sown  
From wet womb we are torn  
Thrown in their nightmare world  
Year after year being pushed too far  
Till we cross the final line

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>